BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE Fair MAID of Iſlington: OR, THE London Vintner Over-reach'd.

This is a pritty FANCY if you mind,
He thought to fool her, ſince ſhe was ſo kind;
But ſhe was crafty, and reſolv'd to fit him,
And in the end it prov'd ſhe did Out-wit him;
She for her CELLER made him pay her Rent,
As by a Wife, which made him to repent.

To the Tune of, Sellenger's *Round*: or, *Caper and Fub it*, &c.

Licenſed and Enter'd according to Order.

There was a fair Maid at Iſlington,
as I heard many tell,
And ſhe would to fair London go
fine Apples and Pears to ſell:
And as ſhe paſs'd along the Street,
with her Basket on her arm,
There did ſhe with a Vintner meet,
this fair Maid thought no harm.

Good morrow, fair Maid, the Vintner ſaid,
What have you got here to ſell?
Fine Apples & Pears, kind Sir, ſhe ſaid,
if you pleaſe to taſte them well.
He taſted of this fair Maid's Fruit,
and he lik'd it wondrous well;
And then he crav'd of this fair Maid,
how many a penny ſhe'd ſell.

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Sir, here you shall have six, the said,
and here you shall have ten;
I sold no more, but just before,
to same Inns of Court Gentlemen.
Now while he by the Damsel stood,
her Body he did eye,
At length he crav'd of this fair Maid,
one night with him to lie:

Thy Beauty doth so please my eye,
and dazels so my sight,
That now of all my Liberty,
I am deprived quite:
And therefore Love be kind to me,
and let us toy and play,
It is but one small Courtesie,
then do not say me nay.

Sir, if you lye with me one night,
as you propound to me,
I do expect that you should prove
both courteous, kind, and free:
And for to tell you all in short,
it will cost you Five Pound.
A match, a match, the Vintner said,
and so let this go round.

When he had layn with her all night,
her Money she did crave:
O stay, quoth he, the other night,
and thy Money thou shalt have.
I cannot stay, nor I will not stay,
I needs must now be gone,
Why then thou maist thy Money go look,
for Money I'll pay thee none.

This Maid she made no more ado,
but to a Justice went,
And unto him she made her moan,
who did her Case lament:
She said she had a Cellar let out,
to a Vintner in the Town,
And how that he did then agree,
Five Pound to pay her down:

But now, quoth she, the case is such,
no Rent that he will pay,
Therefore your Worship I beseech,
to send for him this day.
Then streight the Justice for him sent,
and ask'd the reason why,
That he would pay this Maid no Rent;
to which he did reply,

Although I hired a Cellar of her,
and the Position was mine,
I ne'er put any thing into it
but one poor Pipe of Wine;
Therefore my Bargain it was hard,
as you may plainly see,
From my Freedom was debar'd;
then good Sir favour me.

This fair Maid being ripe of Wit,
she streight reply'd again,
There was two Butts lay at the Door,
why did you not fill them in?
You had your Freedom and your Will,
as is to you well known,
Therefore I do desire still
for to receive my own.

The Justice hearing of their Case,
did there give order streight,
That he the Money should pay down,
she should no longer wait:
Withal he told the Vintner plain,
if he a Tennant be,
He must expect to pay the same,
for he could not sit Rent-free.

But when her Money she had got,
she put it into her Purse,
And clapt her hand on the Cellar-door,
and said it was never the worse:
Which caus'd the People all to laugh
to see this Vintner fine,
Out-witted by a Country Girl
about his Pipe of Wine.

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